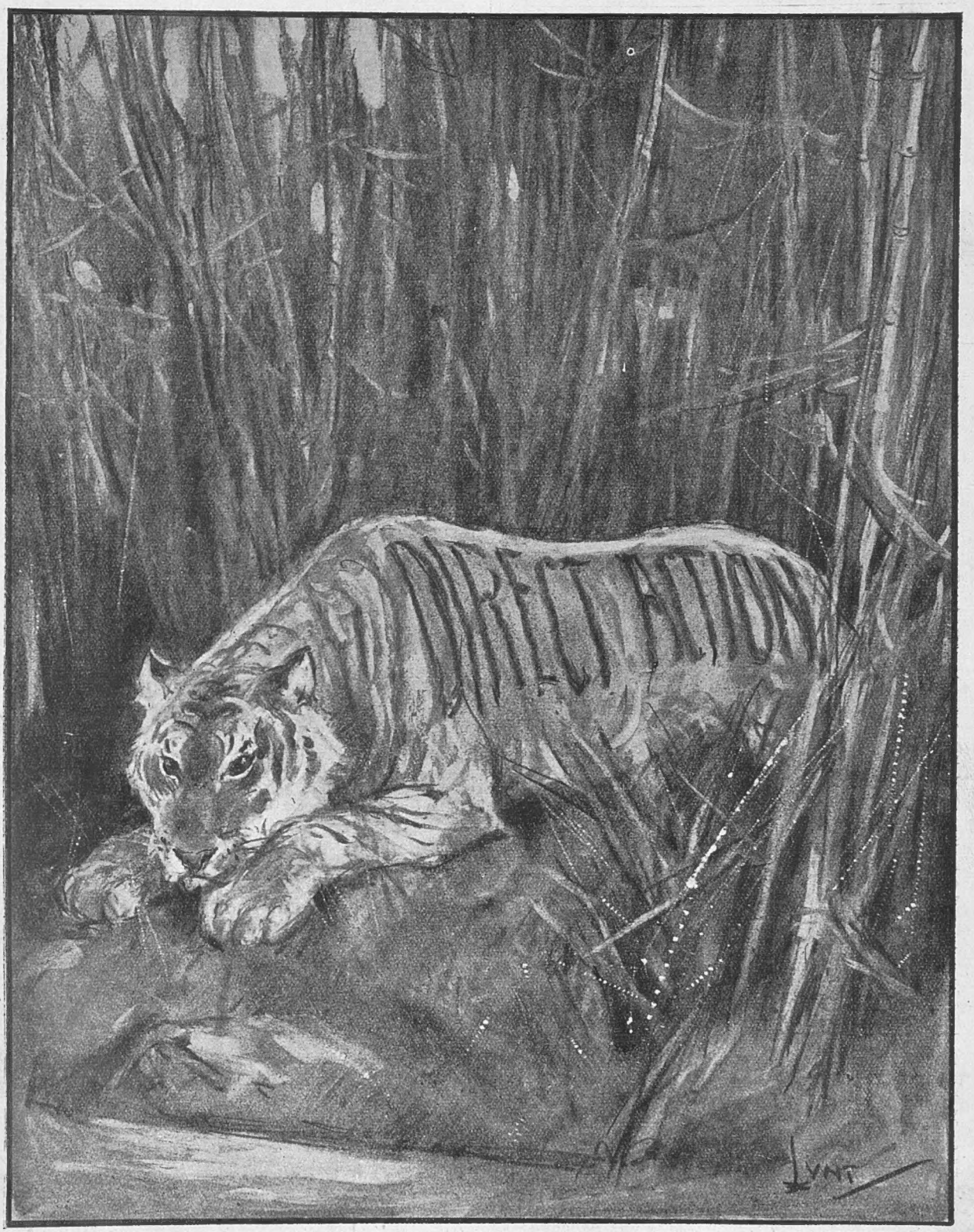
The Bystander, October 1, 1919. No. 826. Vol. LXIV.

# The BYSTANDER

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*BY A. WILMOT LUNT*

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Signature of holder.....

# BYSTANDER COMMENTS

### Bill Gawber Orates

"I BIN reading them papers agin," said Bill Gawber, darkly.

"I rather wish you wouldn't," I replied. "You only get excited, and . . ."

"And wot of it? Ain't I got a call ter git excited, wot with the *Daily Tale* sayin' the (scarlet) prices are goin' down, and Mrs. Gawber goin' out ter buy apples and comin' back with the (purple) pip? But that ain't wot I've got on me mind. I 'ears that Borough Council as was set up by yer (figurative) Coalisshern (it weren't? Well, it would 'a bin if they'd thought of it, the insects). Now where was I? Yer put me off when ye flaps yer mouth. Oh, yes, that Borough Council is goin' ter 'ave a go at the rates next year, and it's no good yer tellin' me the tale, Clarence, that means they're goin' to put 'em up. Ar! I'd make 'em put 'em up if I could get that Borough Council in the yard back o' the Red Lion!"

"Why should you worry, Bill?" I asked, soothingly; "if you don't pay more than £20 rent you don't come in."

"I pays wot I like, and I 'as wot I like, and wot I pay's got nothing ter do with you. But I can afford wot I pays."

### The Reason Why

"THEN, Bill, you can afford the rates. Or why don't you take a lodger?"

"Yer ain't married," replied Bill, sadly. "If I was ter take a lodger, p'raps Mrs. Gawber wouldn't like 'im, and I'd cop it. Or if she did like him—well, there ain't no green in me eye, but. . . ." He made a murderous gesture. "I tell yer, Clarence, wot with the (molten) profiteers arter yer money, and the (bubbling) collector arter yer money, and . . . and the whole (incandescent) lot o' scabs like you. . . . I've got a mind ter. . . ."

"Take to drink?"

"Drink!" replied Bill, bitterly. "'Ow am I ter get a skinful inside six hours a day?"

"There, there, Bill. It'll soon be all right. Since you read the papers, haven't you seen the proposals of the Trade to keep the public-houses open for twelve hours?"

"Yes, I 'ave. I seen all that (offal). They wants ter 'and over me chances of a pint 'er four-'arf ter a bunch o' (flaming) judges, the sort as sentenced me brother-in-law 'Erbert, ter swing; but that's a painful subject, like. I sez, 'Wot's a judge know abaht a pub?' I ain't seen Justice Darling play snooker down our way. There ain't bin a judge in a pub since 'Awkins died. And 'e wouldn't 'ave bin much good, with Lady 'Awkins tellin' 'im wot ter do, and she not knowin' the difference between a liberty and a licence."

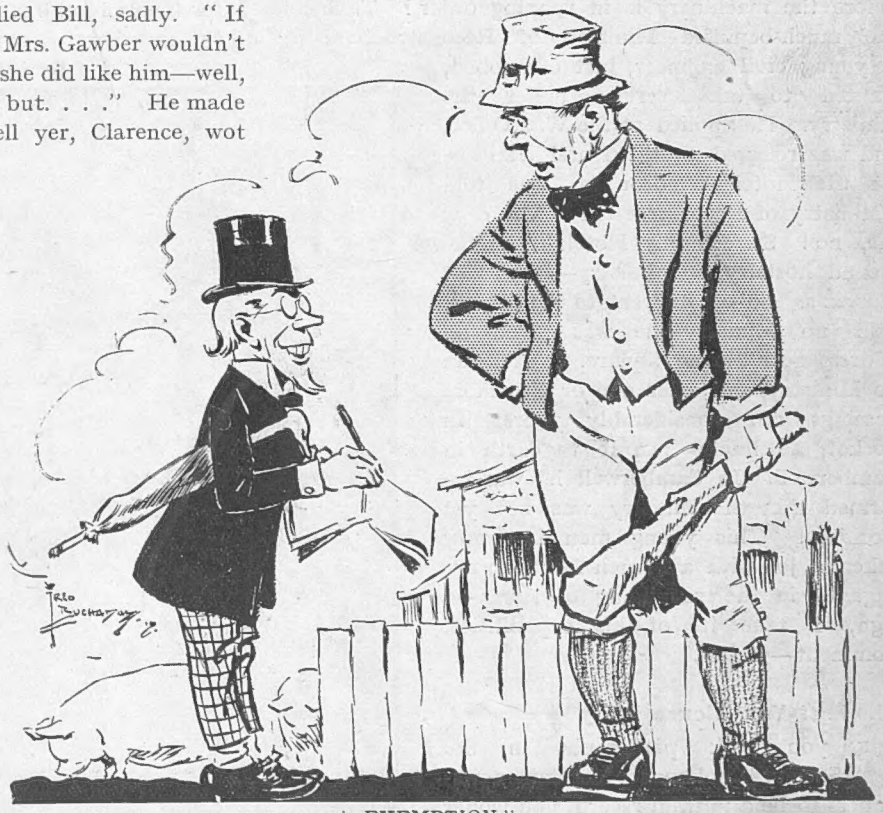
### Too Many Papers

"WHAT would you prefer, then?"

"Prefer? Don't use words yer can't spell, young feller, and yer needn't push yer (rosy) eyebrows into yer 'air neither. We'd show 'em. We'd 'ave seats, and pots o' geraniums, and all the papers except THE BYSTANDER; we'd 'ave pork pies and humanity, we would. I'm for democracy, I am. Men as can't soak a gallon, let 'em keep aht o' the job."

"But, then, Bill, the Government. . . ."

"Don't yer aggrervate me. I know yer can't keep the Guv'ment out, the (lugworms), any more than yer can stop the sargints drinkin' Tommy's rum. I don't care if yer did 'ave to set up a (devastated) department in White 'All. A million more gals more or less doin' their back 'air won't break the Bank of England. Though while I've got me mind on it, I seen in the paper that during the month of July them coves in White 'All 'ave increased 2,267. Kittens ain't in it. Nor rabbits. It's true, I tell yer, I seen it in the paper, and wot I sez. . . ."



"EXEMPTION"

MR. GLADHAND: "We are forming a local branch of the League of Nations. I would like to put your name down as a member"
MURPHY: "What's the League for?"
MR. GLADHAND: "It will stop all fighting"
MURPHY: "Well, then yer can leave me out of it!"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

*BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)*

I broke away. Really, Bill reads too many papers. They get into his head.

### How We Manage Things

IT is easy to criticise, but why do our powers that be announce things with a flourish of trumpets before the machinery is in running order? Take the much-bepuffed Ministry of Reconstruction. A young civil engineer, just demobbed, wanted to take service under the Ministry. He applied at the War Office, and was referred to the Hotel Windsor. At the Hotel Windsor he was told "Ministry of Reconstruction? Oh, dear me, no! St. Ermin's Hotel." At the second hostelry no Ministry—it was at Horrex's. So off he went to the Strand. Still no Ministry—he was given an address near Sloane Square. Yet again no Ministry, and after one or two more passings on, considerably poorer in pocket, he finally ran it to earth in Camberwell. In Camberwell he was informed that the Ministry was not yet working! This young man has now taken a job with a French firm who are engaged in the rebuilding of Arras—a sign, I take it, of his capabilities. Comment—useless.

PEACE SOUP
As supplied in the "Inter-National Kitchen"
By W. E. Wigfull

### The Post-War House-Party

IF you took paragraphs in the "Society" columns of certain newspapers to be a faithful record, you would believe that country entertaining is exactly "as you were" before the War. But actually it is a very different pair of shoes. In the big houses, with suites of large reception-rooms, only one of these, or two at most, are open, and everywhere the parties are small, rarely more than six or eight. Dinners are never more than soup, fish, bird or joint, and sweet; in some places both fish and meat are variable, as they are difficult to get. In Devonshire and Cornwall you may not have both butter and cream, and in those houses where they have shooting or fishing the guest who can help the larder is a popular person. Champagne is unheard of, and, in the course of a series of visits during a month, I have not once seen the old evening grog-tray in the smoking-room, and that in houses where in old days the grog-tray was a miniature bar-counter.

### Things One Doesn't Miss

THE odd thing is that no one misses the big dinners, with their succession of wines, or the old "night-cap," in the gossip of the smoking-room. And the smaller parties, too, are much more friendly than the old cohorts of guests. In the majority of houses, too, there is now only one man-servant and a parlourmaid, where formerly there were, perhaps, a butler and three or four footmen. It is not only a question of the high wages asked by men, but the matter of feeding a large household. Another factor is that even in the few instances where a big house could be run somewhat on the old lines, despite the heavy taxation, people feel it is not right to spend the money in this direction. Let Mr. Smillie and his brethren take note.

### "Noblesse Oblige"

I THINK it would be an excellent thing not only for themselves, but for their whole order, if some of the members of our aristocracy put themselves

(*Continued on page 18*)

"THE SMILE THAT WILL COME OFF"
A modern version of the old story of St. George and the Dragon
By Oswald Cuningham

# A Statesman and Much More;

## OR, THE CHARM OF AN IMPERFECT MEMORY

BRITANNIA: "I thank you heartily, dear Mr. Balfour, for splendid work in Paris, but most of all for your disinterested patriotism in serving under others, having yourself held the office of Prime Minister"

Mr. BALFOUR *(with puzzled surprise)*: "Prime Minister? *Was* I? Oh, ah, yes! Quite so, *quite* so! Of *course*, I was! I have such a poor memory for detail. Yes, yes! I *do* recall that quaint little house in Downing Street!"

*BY E. T. REED*

# A Topical Pot-Pourri of

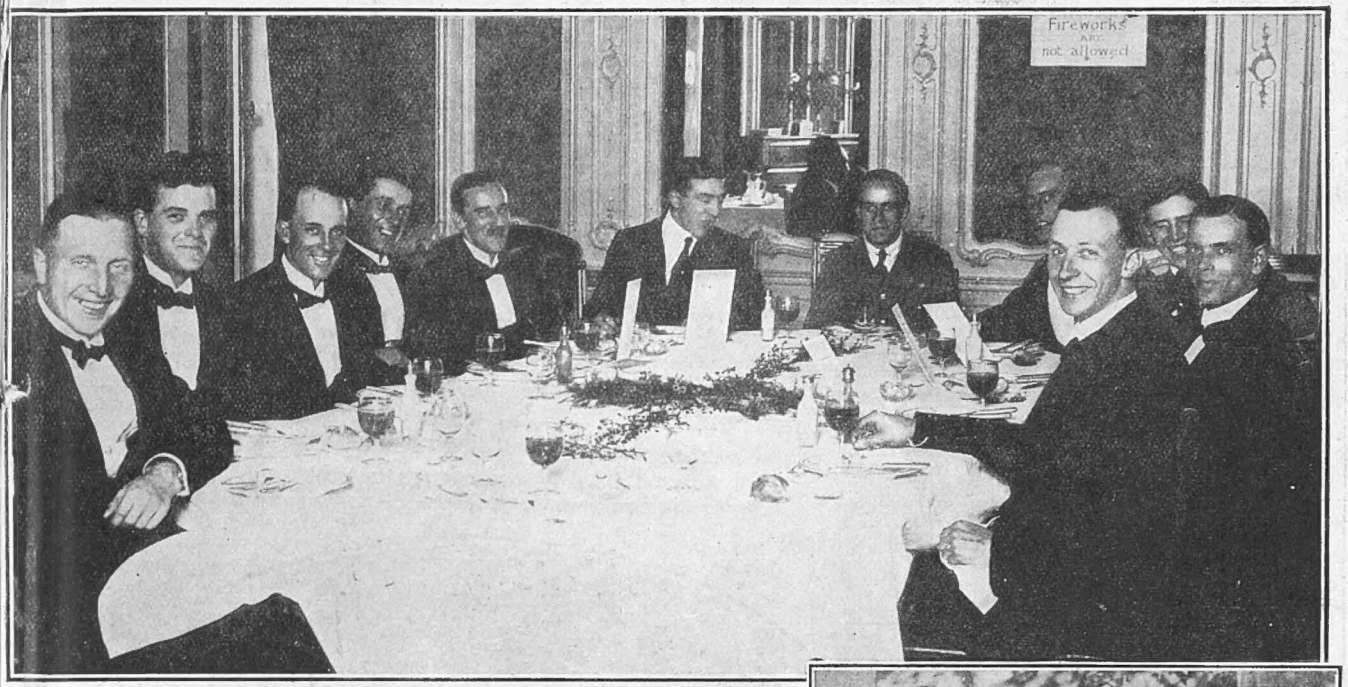
MR. JUSTICE DARLING
Who has been known occasionally to add a spice of humour to the dull routine of the Law Courts is, it is announced, shortly to retire

ADMIRAL LORD BEATTY ARRIVES AT PORTSMOUTH
On the occasion of the dinner recently given in his honour by the Lower Deck

AN EX-PRUSSIAN GENERAL TURNED REPUBLICAN PRESIDENT
One or two "demobbed" Hun Generals have struck good jobs in civil life. General von Harker, seen above, is one of them. He has just been appointed President of the new republic of Saxony.

OUR N.U. R-ULERS: AT THE MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT
Here we have a deputation of those stalwart fellows, those fine examples of British manhood whose mental efficiency and manual hard work have made them world-famous, before (or after) their interview with Sir Eric Geddes on the subject of standardization last week. No one who notices the keen intelligence manifest on every face in this picture can fail to be convinced of the magnificent future for British Railways in the hands of their (and our) N.U. R-ulers

# Personalities in the News




ATLANTIC AIRMEN DINE AT THE CAFÉ ROYAL

This interesting dinner, recently held, was a reunion of the airmen who met in Newfoundland a few months ago. In the picture will be recognised Sir John Alcock and Sir A. Whitten Brown, Mr H. G. Hawker and Commander Grieve, and Mr. F. Raynham and his navigator, Major Morgan

THE FIRST REIGNING MONARCH TO VISIT THE UNITED STATES

The King and Queen of the Belgians bidding good-bye to Commander R. G. R. Evans, D.S.O., C.B., and Commander Young who came to Ostend to see them off to America where King Albert is to make an appeal on behalf of his stricken country.

MISS JOSE COLLINS

Who, it is announced, has become engaged to Col. F. H. Wickham Guard, D.S.O., C.M.G. Miss Collins has now played for over 1,000 nights in "The Maid of the Mountains" which has had, and is still having, such a prolonged run at Daly's

"TRY THIS ONE, SIR!"

By Alfred Leete

*BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)*

in the corner and gave themselves a severe talking-to. This applies more particularly to certain sprigs and spriglettes of noble houses, who appear to have no realisation that their birth and position involve responsibilities. They are always ready, not to say eager, to take everything their birth may bring them—high places at feasts, and consideration—but it never enters their head to meet what one may call the abstract duties of their rank, such as setting an example, for instance. Consequently, when you have folk of noble birth absolutely using their titles as money-extractors, the door is opened a good many inches for the Bolshevic and Anarchist—a serious matter in these times.

### A Case in Point

A flagrant case has recently come to my knowledge. In this case the lady, who realised the responsibility of her birth and position so little that for some years she vied with the lights of musical comedy in Press photographs and paragraphs, married. From the worldly point of view it was not advantageous. A friend said to her, "How will you manage on so small an income, you who have been accustomed to spend so much?" "Oh, whenever we are hard up I can always get umpteen a year for film-acting," the fair lady answered. So here was a marriage with the deliberate intention of bartering a title for the future support of the *ménage*. When people begin to dig at the foundations of their own houses they can only blame themselves when the building falls in and crushes them.

### "A Noise Like a Duchess"

There is a certain gentleman whose chief interest in a long life has been to "collect" the acquaintance of the truly great. He has the reputation of having attended more marriages and memorial services for the coronetted than any living person. Recently he was staying at a house in Scotland. "Have you seen Mr. ——?" somebody enquired one day. Someone who did not love him over-much answered, "No, but go behind the door and make a noise like a duchess and he will come at once, wherever he is."

### In "The Graphic"

"Of all the heroes of this war, give me for picturesqueness, light-heartedness, and actual accomplishment Tom Lawrence—who, while doing Britain's great work, got romance out of the thing." The story of his Pan-Arabian achievement, his hair-breadth escapes, his daring and British determination, is now being told in two instalments in the *Graphic*. In the language of the Army, it is "the stuff to give them." No more thrilling narrative could be imagined than that of the redoubtable Colonel Lawrence of the Hedjaz. He carried out Kitchener's plan for bringing the Arab and Bedouin tribes together as an off-set to Turkish influence. How he did it, and what he did with it, is related with verve and spirit. Without knowing Lawrence's story Britain's great work in the East cannot be fully appreciated.

# Political Doings of the Week

BY OUR SPECIAL PARLIAMENTARY CARICATURIST

# POLITICS: Economy

By "FITZWILLIAM"

THE successful politician must have the actor's temperament, and certainly dramatic qualities can be discerned in men as opposite as Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Smillie, and Mr. Churchill. But the politician equally needs the faculty of the hypnotist. He has it, generally: hence, the influence of words such as "efficiency," or "business as usual." Now we have "economy." The economy maniac cries out: "Disband the Army and Navy! Close all special Government Departments! Make Whitehall into a wilderness by the side of which the Jermyn Street Geological Museum will be crowded as Epsom Downs."

⁂ ⁂

GRANTED, but let us see how far we can go. Everybody agrees that this War was not fought for nothing, and that if we do not shortly see a substantial reduction in the fighting services, we shall consider that we have been taken in. Thus, the Army before the War gave us 186,000 Regulars for £32,000,000. If we double this amount, to cover the increased cost of living, we arrive at a figure which is *two million less than the original budget estimate for the Air Service alone*. It is true that, following on public outcry, the Air Service estimate was reduced to twenty-five millions, but the few figures I quote show that we are spending on the Army and Air about five times our pre-war expenditure. The same applies to the Navy, which before the War made us secure for forty-five millions a year, for here also we have enormously increased our expenditure.

⁂ ⁂

BUT we must not be unfair. Following on victory comes clearing up; the whole of middle and Eastern Europe is in a state of ferment which compels watchfulness; secondly, we are taking on mandates in Mesopotamia and Palestine which will be expensive; thirdly, the estimates are high because costs are doubled; fourthly, they are swollen by the need for maintaining new mechanical devices, such as tanks, aeroplanes, gas plants, etc.

⁂ ⁂

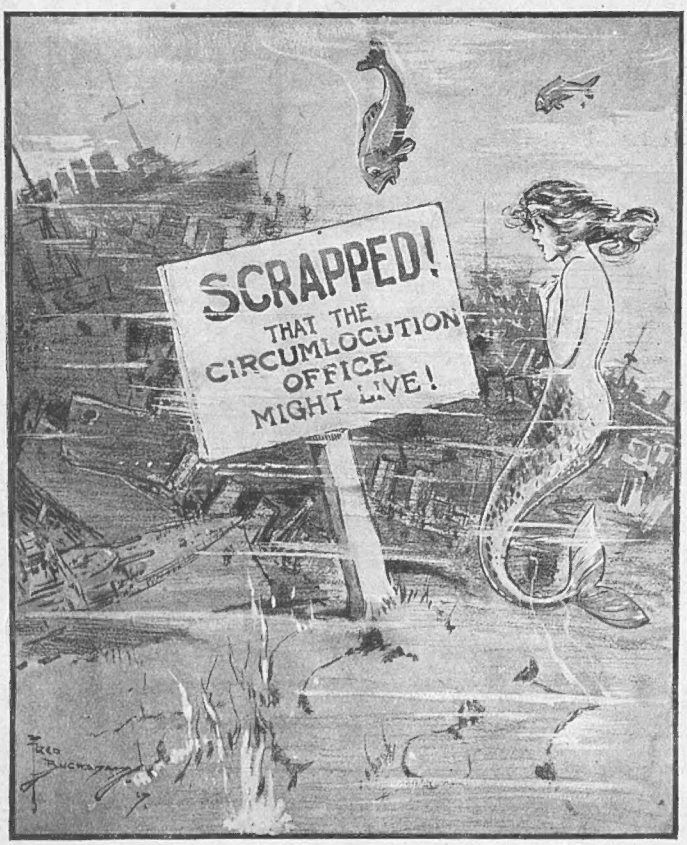
IF we make all these allowances, we still have a right to demand a reduction. Other people are realising this, and already the French have lowered their military service from three years to one. Our enemies are down and out. Surely our friends have no wish to beggar themselves and us by competing in armaments? It would, therefore, seem the obvious duty of the League of Nations to arrange forthwith an Armament Conference where an agreement could be brought about between ourselves, France, Italy, Japan, and America, to maintain defence at a minimum level.

⁂ ⁂

ALSO, and this may be delicate ground, I cannot help thinking that the British Army should be a conscript army. Such an army's cost is less than half the cost of a regular army. And it is not true to say that a conscript army is less efficient than a regular army; the French and Germans have given the lie to that. An inquest on the Navy is also badly wanted.

⁂ ⁂

AS for the other departments, there is hardly one which does not deserve the comb, and this implement should not be used by an official hand. I would gladly see a Comb Commission under Mr. Justice Sankey, assisted by six employers nominated by the Chambers of Commerce, and six secretaries of Trade Unions. I think the Comb Commission would close down the Ministry of Munitions, and hold an immediate auction of the surplus. It would also tear off the Ministry's domino (which is called Supply), and tell the Post Office Stores, the Stationery Office, etc., to provide supplies under Treasury control. It would reduce the Labour Ministry to the control of the Labour Exchanges, and return arbitration to the Board of Trade. It would tell the War Office and the Admiralty to auction all their salvage in France and Belgium, where the demand for materials is enormous. Briefly, instead of making a clean sweep of the new departments, such as Food, Labour, Pensions, etc., it would remove from each the adipose tissue which public offices develop when they wax in power and reputation.




"THE SILENT NAVY"

By FRED BUCHANAN

# In Skins and Feathers

HE: Reminds me of just the way poor Dad used to dress in the old Kraal

*BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS*

# The Royal Party at Balmoral

*Photograph by* *C. Vandyk, Ltd.*

KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY WITH PRINCESS MARY AND PRINCE ALBERT (on left) AND PRINCE GEORGE AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT (on right)

# "IN ENGLAND—NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

卐

*ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

STILL BY THE SEASIDE, *September* 29, 1919

DEAR COUSIN—

THERE'S a feel, more than a feel, of autumn in the air—oh, *has* another summer really gone? How incredibly swiftly life slips by!

卐 卐

YESTERDAY—youth incarnate, incorruptible, inexhaustible. . . . This life of ours, "which is but a little fight and a little love," a passionate eternity. . . . Love in one's hands, the world one's plaything. . . .

卐 卐

'The Commander much troubled by the naughty wasps"

AND to-day, Beauty invisibly shed. Eyes a little less bright, lips not so carmine, hearts heavier:

The grey wind and the grey sea
Tossing under the long grey sky.

卐 卐

ALL that gallant green and rose and gold, and now:

On brambly hedges, summer-dyed,
The yellow leaves begin to glide.

And yet, so invincibly lovely is this world of ours, it is beautiful, even in decay.

卐 卐

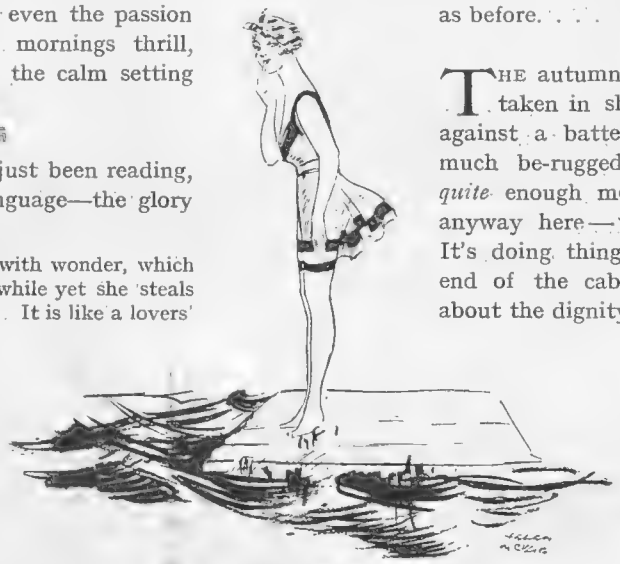
Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be.

AFTER youth's fitful fever, the calm of early autumn days has a sad magic, a bitter sweetness more poignant than even the passion of youth. The misty mornings thrill, there is contentment in the calm setting of the sun.

卐 卐

IT is scarcely, I have just been reading, to be measured in language—the glory of these autumn evenings:

Then the air is charged with wonder, which belongs to the young frost while yet she steals upon forbidden places. . . . It is like a lovers' tryst, this meeting of the shadows of the deep hills of autumn and winter—he arrayed in scarlet and gold of chestnut and beech and oak and hazel; her brows pale, overbound with mists that are woven of the dim twilight and set with jewels like a diadem.



'To dive in off the raft'

"To go prawning"

SO, you see, full of compensations, isn't it, this life of ours, even when summer's gone? And down here, by the sea, where immorally I linger, in woolly sweater and stockings and short skirts, we're playing Let's Pretend to the last—that it's still summer! The autumn air has a tang—but that only makes one hungrier. The days grow shorter, but still there's time, when the tide's low, between tea and dinner, to go prawning—an alluring pastime that's productive sometimes of nicer things even than prawns!

卐 卐

AND though the sea's simply bitter cold—oh! gee, dear heart, but positively snicy it is!—it's still quite *done*, you know, according to Let's Pretend rules, to dive in off the raft. A clamber up, a graceful poise that those on the beach, I *hope*, appreciate, a swoop forward, a perfect parabola through the air, and then—plunge, splash, and that intoxicating cut through the cold water, that shooting to the surface, a few fast strokes, and then repeat as before. . . .

卐 卐

THE autumn sun, too, isn't so dusty—taken in sheltered nooks, propped up against a battered groyne, or prone and much be-rugged in a deck-chair. And *quite* enough mental stimulus is provided anyway here—watching the Navy *work*. It's doing things, you know, to the shore end of the cable to France. And talk about the dignity of labour. . . .

卐 卐

ONE waits first, you see, for the tide to go down—some wait. And then for one A.B. to drag the chains down the beach, while another throws 'em down and two more pick 'em up.

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

And there's slight delay until the bearded Chief Petty Officer arrives to superintend, while a restful pause must be made on the appearance of the Commander, much troubled by the naughty wasps but determined to do his duty—and take a snapshot of the Navy at Work!

卐 卐

"SACK the lot!" says that old Fisher person of the refreshingly lurid vocabulary. But I *do* hope they won't—not while *I'm* at the seaside, anyway!

卐 卐

VERY much herself again apparently, is England's capital to be this autumn. Already in my country fastness the echo of many sounds of revelry by night reach me, and, for all the dear delights of sea and cliff and the simple life by the seaside, the worldly me's rather looking forward to it—the October plunge into all the London gaieties that aren't so unamusing, you know, to him or her who can discriminate.

卐 卐

LISTEN to a list of just a few of 'em. To start with, all the *ateliers* (*Anglicé*—smart dress places) giving their autumn shows. And I hear that even the *première danseuse* in the alluring *Afgar* at the London Pavilion—who is said to wear the least amount of clothing seen on the stage for a *long* time—hardly does better than those *mannequins* who strut their little hour in September before the women who'll wear the frocks in October.

卐 卐

WHAT an expenditure of inward vital force—to choose the garments in which the Eternal Feminine will delight the eye of man this autumn of 1919! At all the shows that I started out to talk of—the Russian Ballet that sets in this very week at the Empire; at Gilbert and Sullivan Opera at Prince's Theatre; at all the numberless new plays, and at all the dance clubs.

卐 卐

WHOSE name now really is Legion. Last week the Hyde Park started in with its Friday night 9 to 2.30 dances that caught on like wild-fire last season. The Hyde Park Hotel isn't an ordinary venue for a dance club, and no other has those lovely spacious rooms *or* the airiness that comes from long high double windows opening on the Park, or, without fail, a sprinkling of Guardees to grace it.

"A temperature of 110 deg.—115 deg."

卐 卐

AND, as well, there's the Grafton Galleries—dancing every evening from 10.30 to 3, *including* Sunday. And if *that's* not a boon and a blessing strike me, as our A.B.'s aforesaid down here put it, pink.

卐 卐

AND here's the other side of the picture. Seems England's little wars are keeping on keeping on all right, if we have nearly finished with the Big One. "Do, dear Blanche," writes a battle-fighter from India, "do sometimes spare a thought for those of us still fighting in furrin parts. Some of us haven't seen England since 1914, and when we read your letters about in England now and see Helen's pictures, and then compare it with our fate out here—a temperature of 110 deg.-115 deg. and a dust-storm—well, on your head be it, Blanche, if there's loss of *morale* and undue despondency among the troops!

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

**"Kathleen Mavourneen! the grey dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill."**

CUBBING has already begun, and throughout the length and breadth of England, in despite of all industrial and land troubles, such a hunting season is being ushered in as has seldom been known before in this country. And why? Because the long War is over, and the hunters of the Hun are back again to turn their attention once more to the foxes. During the last five years most of the hunts have been kept going, but on a war-time footing. And, of course, there have been many changes, especially among the Masters. But this season bids fair to bring back to the greatest of British sports more than all its pristine glory. In THE BYSTANDER Hunting Supplement all phases of the sport will be faithfully dealt with. Prospects of the Season—New Masters—Women in the Hunting-Field—Hunting in Ireland, are but a few of the subjects that will be touched upon. And there will, of course, be the usual profuse illustrations, not least among which will be a three-colour page, by Gilbert Holiday, entitled "A Dirty Day."

100 PAGES IN ALL. **"The Bystander" Autumn Number with Hunting Supplement.** OUT OCTOBER 8.

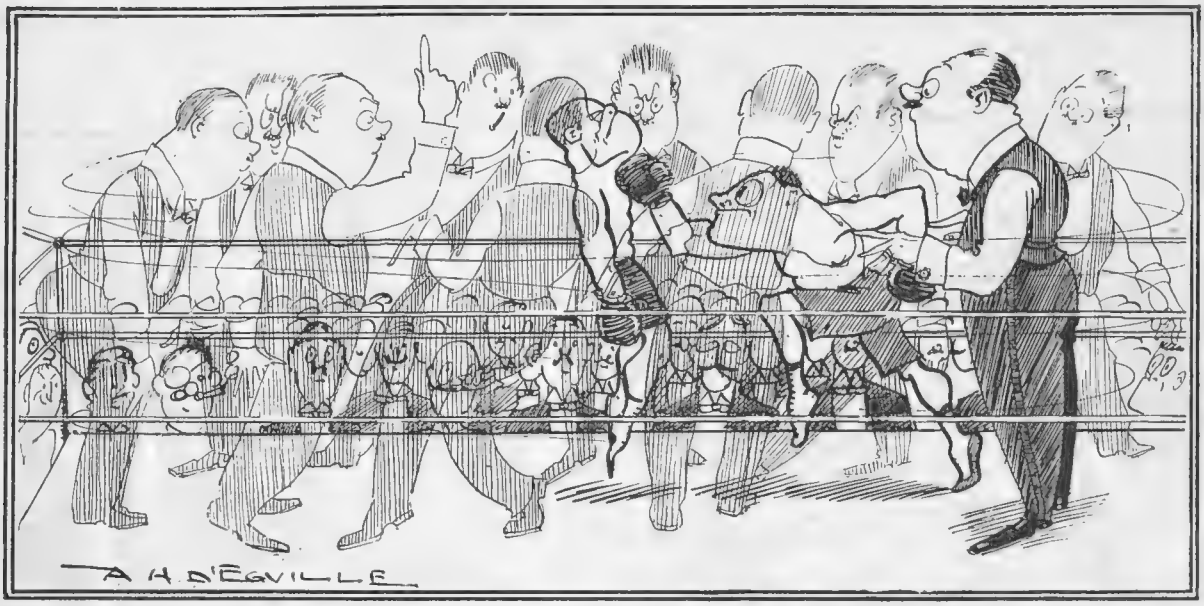
USUAL PRICE . . . . NINEPENCE.

FOR SALE—

# "Picturesque Country House Surrounded by Moat"

PROSPECTIVE BUYER *(to agent after very heavy rains)*: "And how much a gallon are you asking for this estate?"

*BY WILMOT LUNT*




THE HIDDEN HAND—OR ALL THAT YOU SEE FROM A TWENTY-GUINEA SEAT

By A. H. D'Egville

# "The Disciple"

By CAPTAIN A. B. HARROWER

THE air was warm, the hour about noon, the day one of September's "best, new-laid" affairs, before the rains set in, and the climb up to the George Inn at Little Tittlebury somewhat arduous. A grassy bank under a low brick wall invited dalliance with a cigarette. So I dallied, my push-bike reclining gracefully upon a pedal.

The sound came to me first as a low murmur, like the first faint note of a 5.9 on its way, like the buzz of a wasp (a trifle peeved), and grew to resemble that of a highly indignant hornet. And then I distinctly caught the word "damn," or "damned," I wasn't sure which. But the articulated syllable, in the silence of a rustic countryside sweltering in the noonday heat of late summer, had something of the effect of the first word in Chesterton's story about the Duchess. It contained, that is to say, a considerable element of surprise, and I began to listen more intently.

The voice now came from the immediate obverse of the wall against which I was leaning, and the speaker, whoever he might be, was now evidently quite close. For I distinctly heard him give vent to the following: "The whole thing's absurd, I tell you, damned absurd. Scrap the lot, I tell you, scrap 'em. They're no damned good. They're absolutely obsolete, that's what they are, obsolete. Only you haven't got the damned sense to see it. What did I say in 1914? Was I wrong then? What have I told you every year? The very same thing, only you won't believe me. You go on fiddling about with the things and wasting money—good money I tell you, and all to no purpose. Just because you won't listen to me. Well, now you've got to. Scrap the lot of 'em, I tell you. We'll have no damned compromise here. Beastliest word in the English language, 'compromise,' and I say I won't have it. Out they'll all have to go, and the sooner the better! Make room for something more useful. G-z-z-r-r-r!" The voice died away in a mumbling kind of grunt.

Half-way through the tirade the idea had flashed across my mind, and with the last few words I heard the belief became almost a certainty. By the merest luck I must have stumbled across the country-house of the great Lord Pisher-Tush. This, then, was where the grand old man prepared his iconoclastic utterances. This was the rustic garden in which those powerful letters to the *Times* first saw the light of day—in his lordship's ink upon his lordship's paper, those wonderful fulminations upon the obsolescence of the Air Force that made Cabinet Ministers tremble in their Rolls-Royces or leather-upholstered chairs, or wherever it is that Cabinet Ministers do tremble. "Aha!" I thought, "now is the chance of a lifetime. I will interview his lordship, and over the telephone from the George Inn the Evening Muse shall have the first authentic description of my lord at work." I pictured to myself the headlines "by our special commissioner," and saw the editor's congratulatory smile as a hundred-guinea cheque changed hands. . . .

It was a pretty little place. A central lawn bordered with flower-beds, and next the wall over which I leaned a miniature orchard and kitchen garden. In the latter a little elderly man was watching an ill-favoured and perspiring gardener, who was savagely rooting up some kind of plant and throwing its straggling masses on to a barrow. The old gentleman went on speaking, and shook a warning finger at his gardener, "And let this be a lesson to you, George, not to try to grow marrows again in my garden. The damned things won't grow here—never have done. Soil doesn't suit 'em. I've told you that for five years. Now perhaps you'll believe me. Scrap the lot!"

I slid down off the wall. The bar-parlour of the George was pleasantly cool and contained a "Burke." Lord Pisher-Tush, I found, has a country-seat at Great Tittlebury, but his influence would seem to have spread to the pocket edition of his village. . . .

# A Wetter 'Ole!

"Well, we knows of a better 'olevitch, and we're blinkin' well goin' to it!"

*BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER*

# The End of the Season

AN ALLEGORY OF THE SEASIDE

BY MACMICHAEL

"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLISTENETH"
There's copper and steel and zinc—and iron and platinum—and diamonds and rubies—and Brass

# Did She? Do They?

By DELL LEIGH

MAXWELL was one down at the turn, and swore gently but firmly when he missed a yard putt for a four.

They waited on the tenth tee while two old gentlemen did some spade work to the fairway.

"Is that old bird playing his fourth or his fourteenth?" asked Fisher, waxing the handle of his driver reflectively.

"Oh, tickle him up," said Maxwell, peevishly, "we can't wait here all day, and I want a bathe before lunch."

He gazed earnestly towards the sands on their left, where nymphs walked with stately tread towards waves the colour of *crême-de-menthe*, and where dogs barked ecstatically.

Fisher drove a perfect ball, and as it dropped with a thud two hundred yards ahead, one of the old gentlemen said "damn" with great suddenness, and sliced a mashie shot into the heather. His caddie heard something about "impossible to play on this course in August," and then the gorse bushes parted, and they disappeared within. Maxwell outdrove his opponent with a beautiful shot, and with a clean chip on to the green and one putt, which was going down all the way, they climbed the sand dune to the eleventh, all square. "*Some* match," remarked Fisher, enthusiastically. "This is a glorious course, you know. No; we'll have the tee here, boy; I go out of bounds here sometimes."

The classic course at Frampton is marred somewhat as to its eleventh hole by the proximity of the cliff and the five "desirable summer residences" which nestle upon its edge, into whose gardens and shrubbery many a sliced ball has found its way.

Maxwell played with a slight pull on his ball, which hit the face of a bunker to the left, and remained poised upon its grassy summit, waiting for an excellent second to send it to the green.

"Oh, fine shot—you're all right there," and Fisher took a careful stance for his drive.

"A-a-ah, it's out, isn't it?" as the ball slewed dangerously towards the cottages.

His caddie grunted non-committally.

"I'm afraid that's over the fence," said Maxwell, shading his eyes. "Better play another; bad luck."

The next ball followed exactly the same course, only more so, and Maxwell saw its glint as it bounced on a lawn between the cottages.

"Curse the thing. I shan't drive again," grumbled Fisher.

"Give you this hole if they're both out." And they walked up the fairway in silence, Maxwell towards the bunkers on the left and Fisher to the cottages.

Maxwell stood waiting on the brow of the bunker.

He heard a faint "'Ere y'are,

## "DID SHE? DO THEY?" (*concluded*)

sir," from Fisher's caddie, and saw them bend down near the fence. Evidently his first ball was not out of bounds after all. Then he saw them approach the cottage, and the figure of a woman in saxe-blue appeared in the garden, and all three began groping about: Fisher and his boy on the outside of the fence, the lady on the lawn.

Maxwell waved to a couple behind to come through, and went to his opponent's assistance with a frown at the loss of their place.

When he had crossed the fairway it was obvious Fisher was not looking for his ball. He was looking at the girl. Maxwell looked keenly at her, too. She was extremely pretty. The sun and the sea formed a fitting background.

"No, I am really quite certain this is my ball," she was saying. She had picked a black dot Silver King off the lawn, and held it out on her palm. "I was playing clock-golf before breakfast with it and had meant to take it in two or three times—only I forgot."

"Oh, please don't bother," Fisher said, "I drove two balls. We thought the first was out of bounds, but it wasn't. This was my second—it's all right, it wasn't a new one, it really doesn't matter. It's awfully good of you."

"Well, I'm afraid this *is* mine, unfortunately," she went on rather hurriedly, "I'm quite certain about it. What was yours?"

"Oh, a Silver King, black dot," said Fisher with a smile, "but it must have kicked off somewhere, the ground's very hard. It doesn't matter, *really*. I'm very much obliged to you. Come on, caddie, we'll get on. Good morning; thanks very much."

"I'm sorry," she smiled bewitchingly as they left her standing there.

Fisher played a good iron shot for his second, and Maxwell returned to the friendly bunker, and did likewise. They joined each other for the approach shot to the green.

"What do you think of *that*, my boy?" asked Fisher, laughingly.

"Isn't that the vermilion limit?"

"But surely that *was* your ball, wasn't it?" said Maxwell.

"Of course it was. Directly she held it out my caddie recognised it. It has a slight cut by one of the dots. Clear case of daylight robbery, old chap—succumbed to a sudden temptation, I suppose—well I'm damned. Give me the jigger, boy, I'll run it up."

Maxwell said nothing. "Matter of fact," continued Fisher as they walked to the next tee, they had halved the hole in five, "I was far more interested in her than the ball. Deuced pretty woman. Married, too, and evidently quite well off, judging by her clothes. But why not *buy* a few balls instead of ——. The psychology of that situation interests me very much. She faced three of us, y'know, all sceptics, my caddie openly so. And she never flinched. Carried it off beautifully. I've always said women have no moral sense *really*."

EASY MONEY

"Vot makes you put that box 'For the Blind' right in front, Ikey?"

"Vell, my poy, ve are urgently requiring a blind for der shop, and I avait th' money"

By L. B. Martin

Maxwell studied the distance to the next green carefully without comment. It was a short pitch and a roll down hill to a small cup green. Very difficult to stay on in dry weather.

"Let's see," he mused, "I took a mashie yesterday and went over. I'll have the niblick, I think."

As they walked down to the green a vision in a saxe-blue linen skirt appeared on the skyline behind them. A caddie motioned to Fisher, who turned.

She ran down the slope towards them, a ball in each hand. "I've found your ball." She held it out to him. "It was on the edge of the path ——." She paused breathlessly.

"Oh, but why did you bother?" said the impressed Fisher, "it is really most good of you."

"Because I always like to render unto Cæsar," she said, looking gravely at him.

"I see," he laughed. "Well, I think it is most kind of you, and I'm immensely obliged."

She walked sedately up the hill.

"I take back everything I said, old man, *everything*. Lor', what a peach she is! Pure mistake, of course."

"Are you sure?" asked Maxwell, fingering his putter thoughtfully.

"Sure? How do you mean?"

"I mean, you don't think, do you, that she felt she had done something a bit too risky in the face of three openly sceptical people, especially as your ball had a clear marking of its own. And that she felt she had better put things right by 'finding' yours suddenly in the gooseberry bush or somewhere, and bringing it along with pretty expressions of apology—do you?"

"Good heavens, no," replied the susceptible Fisher, "why on earth should she?"

"We-el, I happened to recognise the lady," said Maxwell quietly.

"Recognise her?"

"Yes, I was playing behind her a week or two ago at Newbourne. I lost my ball in a most peculiar manner off the edge of the green she had just left. It was a repaint. There was no explanation of the loss, although the caddie held clear views on the subject at the time. That's why I purposely kept quiet on this occasion. I was thinking things over—see?"

They were evidently both thinking things over, because they walked in silence to the thirteenth tee.

But the two diminutive caddies behind exchanged the wink of complete understanding of the entire situation.

# A "Key" That Can't Be Found!

GUSHING YOUNG THING: "Have you ever wondered what the lost chord really was?"
THE PROFESSOR: "Probably A flat. I can't find one anywhere!"

*BY ALFRED LEETE*

# The Bystander in Occupation

## AN AFTERNOON'S PICTURE

STANDING by in Cologne seems likely soon to be a thing of the past. Our one and only Winnie came and saw and settled—that by the end of October the British forces in Germany should consist of five thousand soldiers, a crowd of get-rich-quick traders, and—the Bystander in Occupation. We gave Winston all kinds of receptions—public ones on parade, and private ones at torchlight tattoos, but to no purpose. The rats are going to be dug out of their holes this time, anyhow. Economy, of course, and the home labour market is simply screaming for more workers—isn't it? And that Peace Treaty ——? *Nous verrons.*

"In the Domplatz"

THE grief of the Rhinelander is profound. His murmurs about such details as our crowding him out of his opera have ceased; indeed, he would thankfully see a British concert-party in possession there if only we would stay. And the British? Not all are longing to go.

COLOGNE is a city with an individuality. London's first appeal is to the ear—a pulsating roar; that of Paris, to the nose—a faint, intriguing odour reminiscent of coffee, "Metro" air, *patchouli*, and petrol. Cologne appeals to an undefined sense; it is an impression, a "Drück"—something one feels a human barometer would register. It repels—but with a latent invitation; welcomes—but distrustfully. It is warm, lazy, trifling, "*lustig*"—yet a great industrial centre; foreign—yet "*heimich*"; saintly with its Dom, its many churches, its religious processions—yet evil with the coarse vices of the *nouveaux riches* and the ancient wickedness of the "Gassen," those narrow, picturesque old-world alleys, as ancient as the sins which thrive there. Now, even more than before the War, is this a city of contrasts—rich and vulgarly new—poor, and aristocratically old; shamed, proud and silent before the invader, then flauntingly shameless in its greed for gold. Even while we condemn it we feel its allurement, and it will not be only to make money that ex-occupiers will return to the city that they came prepared to hate, but will leave almost loving.

WE have made of it the most cosmopolitan of any non-capital city of Europe. Glance at a typical afternoon scene in the Domplatz, outside G.H.Q. The bells of Dom are tolling sleepily. The sun is casting long shadows across the end of the Hohestrasse, and a pink-purple heat mist hovers over the buildings between us and the Rhine.

"The Insurance"

TRAMS, linked in strings of three, clanging their gongs, and crowded with soldiers and civilians, wind their way round the park of Staff cars in the centre of the square. Blue-clad *poilus* stroll icily by, their hands in their pockets. A couple of Jap officers, very smiling, chat to a couple of Italians in the roadway, causing frantic hoots from the scurrying taxis. Backwards and forwards bustle the Colognials themselves—thin Herrs, fat Herrs, *mittel-massige* Herrs—fat Fraus, stern Fräuleins—and even here and there (they must bless the blockade) a slim Frau. A German nurse, looking rather dowdy, stares as she passes a French nurse, looking very *chic*. British officers pass and re-pass, some with their wives, some with other peoples'—that pink-looking subaltern with green tabs passing the string of flower-women with their baskets of roses on the Monopol corner is probably with a Fräulein, both defying public opinion.

THE basic colour of the ever-changing picture, like the brown earth showing through all the flowers in a gaily coloured garden, is Tommy — Tommy on leave, Tommy with his kitbag off to demob., Tommy on duty, Tommy off duty, "arming" a Waac or a Wraf into a kino—Tommy on guard, slapping his rifle twenty times a minute to passing officers.

IT is the two-and-something per day, plus bonus, which we pay Tommy, that is the insurance for our share of Germany's indemnity.

ERIC GORDON

# The Fruit Picker

In the days with which early mythologists grapple,
Mother Eve conceived a peculiar "pash"
For a roseate, ripe, highly edible apple:
Adam picked it—and hence their historical "crash"

But the Eve of to-day's independent of man,
Though with apples and things she is still much in love,
For she puts on his clothes whenever she can,
And picks them herself! (see the picture above)

*A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY HORACE W. NICHOLLS*

# Shrieks o

## At present to be heard in Deauville—but

Our Special Artist has recently been inspecting at Deauville, Spa and other shrines at which the votaries of La Mode are in the habit of worshipping, the latest autumn fashions, specimens of which are reproduced above. They are described as

soon, doubtless, on this side the Channel!

"shrieks," but we are inclined to think that they are, at any rate, "melodious shrieks," if such a thing be possible, and now that autumn is here they may soon be heard in Bond Street.

*BY R. LE QUESNE*

# Retrenchment

(*Exclusive to* THE BYSTANDER)

IN view of the critical condition of the national finances, we are happy to be able to state authoritatively that great activity prevails at the newly constituted Ministry of Public Economy. The Minister in charge has already been selected, and has commenced to draw his salary, which, in view of the immense importance of his duties, has been fixed at £10,000 per annum (as from the date of the Armistice), and the appointment, of course, carries with it Cabinet rank. Moreover, three Parliamentary Under-Secretaries have also been appointed. Their chief duties will be to provide scandals of administration and to answer the consequent questions in the House of Commons, thus, *ipso facto*, justifying their existence.

It is an open secret that although all the members of that family which has so often come to the rescue of the community in the past are now occupied fully, the *personnel* of the Ministry from which so much is hoped will be recruited entirely from the staff of a well-known railway in the North of England, who have, therefore, had the benefit of close contact with (and the support of) Britain's Great Communicator. It is felt that every comfort should be accorded to the Ministry upon which so much depends. For temporary accommodation, therefore, several important hotels have been requisitioned at rents to be fixed by their shareholders. These buildings, however, are only intended for the life tenancy of the Department and its *personnel*. After their demise it is expected that in slight acknowledgment of their immense services to the nation all will be provided with permanent quarters either in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral. We are glad to note that already the Ministry of Public Economy has had a distinct moral effect. Several domestic servants, no doubt under the impression that their service had been nationalised and that they were, therefore, in receipt of public money (an impression which, we regret to say, is entirely erroneous as regards our own household), have already given notice.

HALDIN DAVIS

"TO THE MEMORY OF A BRAVE MAN"

"Whose bust, Jones?"
"He was the only author-soldier who refused to write a book about his experiences"

IN THE WILD—AND WOOLLY WEST

"Shake, sonny"
"I—I am!"

BY HESKETH DAUBENY

# Cui Bono?

THERE'S seething unrest all over the East,
In Russia we're teasing the Bolshevic beast;
"Intensive production" is talked of with zest,
But who thinks his neighbour is doing his best?
Master and man are alike feeling sore,
So what was the object of winning the war?

It's awfully expensive to travel by train,
Whisky approaches the price of champagne,
Milk will be costing a shilling a quart,
The profiteer's making far more than he ought.
Nothing whatever's the same as before,
So what was the object of winning the war?

We thought we had conquered a place in the sun,
But in this happy island there appears to be none.
There's reason to think we're no longer allowed
A lining of silver to every cloud.
Only the climate's the same as before,
So what was the object of winning the war?

And so on *ad infinitum*.

H. D.

# The Origin of the "Bob"—

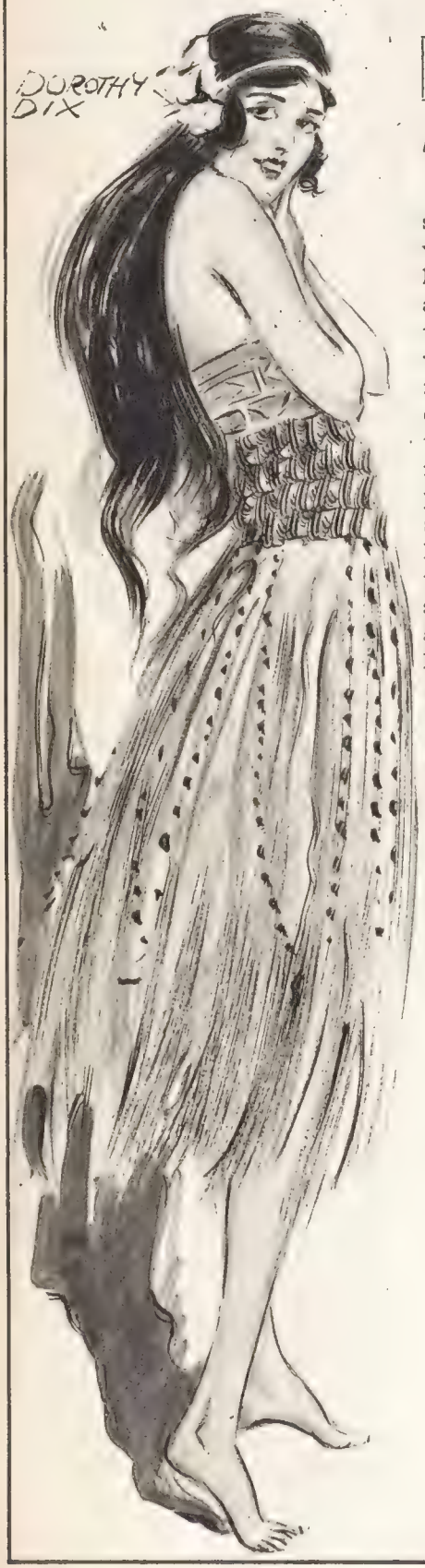
## —And the first realisation of its advantages

BY HEATH ROBINSON

# THE BIRD of PARADISE

## at the Lyric Theatre

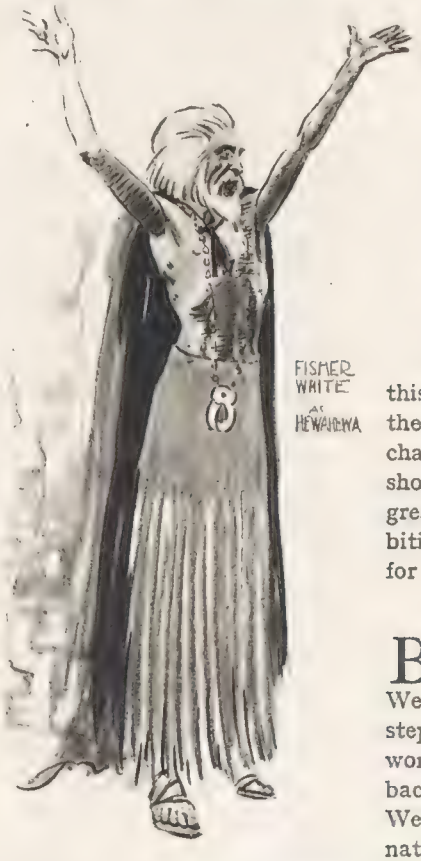
By "JINGLE." *Illustrated by HARRIS*




THIS is another American play. It is a story of love in Hawaii, with wonderful skies, and dreamily-moving seas, which flow to the notes of the languorous native music that floats aloft like a sigh of contentment on the breeze. All around is the rich vegetation of the tropics, with its riot of colour, as though Nature had dressed herself in her bravest finery to make a nest wherein true love might lie. There are the happy people, more or less in their native state of nudity, and there are laughing girls whose only aspiration in that sensuous atmosphere seems to be to love and be loved again. As the queen of them all, Luana tells a visitor to her home, n America they make love with their tongues, but in Hawaii a girl flings her arms passionately around the man she loves, and comment is superfluous. And over all the fair brightness of the scene, weighting it down like a drab, devastating millstone, is what seems to me to be the very patent propaganda of Pussyfoot.

THE main theme of this charming story is the exquisite devotion of a native girl to the white man who has married her. Why the author, Mr. Richard Walton Tully, should have spatchcocked into his plot a couple of awful examples of Pussyfootism it is not easy to understand; unless he, too, is a Prohibitionist with a mission to foreign lands. The

first awful example is that of Mr. Dean, who lives on the island in a shocking state of degradation as the result of chronic alcoholism.




The type may be a familiar one in America, but it is, fortunately, rare here. Dean has fallen from the high estate of a scientific student to the debased condition of a ragged beachcomber. He lives by picking up flotsam and jetsam from the beach, and either uses what he finds for his own immediate consumption, or trades it with the natives for what Pussyfoot bluntly calls—Booze.

MR. LYN HARDING represents the part with a nice fidelity; but, except as an exhibition of very able acting, his work does not help the play along very much. This is the "Before Using" part of the lecture. The deplorable state of the man is laid on a little thickly, perhaps, but when you are out to catch the mob, hyperbole is the essential bait.

WE then come to the "After Using." Dean, grovelling beside his hut, is one day accosted by a beautiful young lady visitor from the States. She feels sure there must be some good in him, and she talks to him kindly like a district visitor who knows her job. Dean is greatly affected. These are the first kind words he has heard from a white woman since his fall. They have made a new man of him. Then two years elapse, and we see him again, no longer the cowering, bestial creature enslaved by Booze, but a fine upstanding man, who, by his scientific studies, has already added to the welfare and happiness of humanity. It is true that this incident interrupts the progress of the charming story, but it shows the people the great value of Prohibition. Therefore, vote for Pussyfoot every time.

BUT, as the novelists say, I anticipate. We must retrace our steps over those two wonderful years, and get back to where we were. We have a group of native musicians droning out the dreamy Yacki-Hula melodies of their race, while Luana, whose birthday it is, dances with the other girls and laughs like a happy child for no other reason than that she feels it is good to be alive. Then we come to our second awful example, which shows you the man before Booze gets him. Do you get me?

THERE is Dr. Paul Wilson (Mr. W. Cronin Wilson), a fine healthy young fellow of perfect physique and clear mind, who is on his way to the Leper Settlement in the hope that he may find a way of alleviating the sufferings of the stricken people there. But the moment he sees Luana dancing it is all up with him. He abandons his projected trip to the Settlement, and stays to philander with the native girl instead. (We shall not dwell upon the moral of this sad dereliction of duty, because he was a water-drinker at the time, and just now our business is to prove that it is only the other kind of people who neglect their jobs.)

SAY, you know what Booze done for that feller? Come right along to the end of those two years again. Paul Wilson is married to the lovely Luana, and is living with her in a straw hut, with nothing to do the whole day long but listen

**MLLE. GINA PALERME AND HER EIGHT GINA GIRLS**

Who are appearing in Mlle. Palerme's new production, "The Girl for the Boy," at the Duke of York's Theatre

to the band and take his meals regularly, and yet, with all those natural advantages, he can't do without Booze. Oh, he gets it bad, sure! Last time we saw him he was a good, sturdy young chap, clean and healthy all through, and now he can do nothing else but drink ava—the liquor of the country—and sleep it off, and then wake to drink again. Oh, my brothers!—but, I forget, I'm not Pussyfoot.

At this point the propaganda ceases for a while, and the dainty story continues its way uninterruptedly along the course of the recent history of the Sandwich Islands, prior to their annexation by the United States. Reference is made to the well-known trouble with Queen Liliuokalani; and then Captain Hatch, a local planter and politician, comes along and proposes to Luana that as she has royal blood in her veins she should come to Honolulu and succeed to the throne. Luana is dazzled at the prospect held out before her,—lovely frocks, rich jewels, carriages to ride in, and ladies to wait on her. Yet she will not go and be a queen. It would mean parting from the man she loves, and that she will not do. This part is quite admirably acted by Miss Dorothy Dix, who gives to the wayward native beauty a most unusual and refreshing charm.

When Dr. Wilson awakens from his comatose sleep and hears that Luana has refused the queen job, he is rather sorry, as it seems that, arising out of the succession, there would be a job for him in Washington. Luana, always ready to sacrifice herself, would not leave him to be queen, but if he wishes to go to Washington, she will swallow the lump in her throat, and leave the land she loves to go with him.

And the next we see of the couple is that they are at dinner in Captain Hatch's beautiful garden at Honolulu. She has forsaken her people and her gods out of her love for Paul, and yet, somehow, he is not satisfied. Her manners, delightful as they are amid their native surroundings, are naturally apt to clash a little with the ideals of newer civilisations. When Captain Hatch (a fine brisk performance by Mr. James Carew) proposes as a toast the health of the President of the United States, Luana will not drink it, but runs away instead.

And then her heredity gets the upper hand of her. She has sacrificed her gods for the sake of his, and yet, after all, it seems as though she must ever be a drag upon her husband in his official career. So she will make amends by the greatest sacrifice of all. The spirit of the burning mountain is calling to her, and the last we see of her is as she stands at the edge of the volcano ready for the spring, that is at once to set her husband free, and make her peace with the gods of her people. It is a fine story, excellently acted throughout, and it would be a nicer tribute to the intelligence of a British audience if the awful examples of Booze were cut out and relegated to the street corner soap-boxes where they rightly belong.

JINGLE.

# "Back Again!"

*Photographs*

*Stage Photo Company*

MISS ELSIE CARLISLE AND MISS LEE WHITE

Both of whom are appearing in the latter's "Song Show" at the Ambassadors Theatre. To judge from the appearance of these two ladies one can only say that the title of the Show is well and appropriately chosen!—which is saying a trifle more than can be said for the title of many another musical piece that is produced these days

"On the Terrasse"

# IN PARIS: "LA VIE DE CHÂTEAU"

*Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

*VOICI Octobre*—the true *Octobre* of the little mist in the morning and the so clear air and sky. Always it is the sky which makes the date of the month in Paris. There is a difference as of two worlds always between each of our months. And of all it is most October that I love, though it is not to be of the fashion to remain then in Paris. It is the month *par excellence* of the true country of *la vie de château.*

YOU know how we are a people of so regular habit, we French people. We have decided quite completely how everyone shall best spend the life. It is my idea that our Government makes our laws so that everyone shall break them, but our families and our society makes their laws which no one shall break, without to have a penalty. And it is so that when one meets a friend who is returned to Paris in October—it is the *petite rentrée* we say—they make always the excuse how they are just on voyage, how they are returned for an *affaire importante*, or how they just go again to depart.

PERHAPS it will be that one will see them often, but always it is the same excuse that they make. Though it is the most beautiful month, except, perhaps, our May, one must not be seen to be in Paris. It is to be *un peu "province."* In May and June it is the season of the capitale, in July our good French people go to take the cure of Vichy and Royat, in August it is to Deauville and the sea that they make the voyage, and in September and October it is to the *châteaux* for *la chasse.*

"What an effect the moon of October can have"

AND though Lucile and I make to ourselves a little the pretence that we enjoy to stay and to see the leaves of the Bois turn so beautiful gold, and to make only the little excursions to Fontainbleau and to have a party at Robinson, it is so much this year that we are disappointed not to have again the charming life of our home in the Haute Marne. It is there that the forests are most beautiful, and one has been so happy before the War.

FOR the gentlemen there has been the sport and the talk all the time of how one has succeeded to shoot, and for the ladies there has been the pleasure to praise and to see how happy the silly men are to be flattered, and how they have the mind divided between their pheasants and the flirt. And in the evening there have been so gay dinners, with the old wine from *les caves* to help the memory of the *abbé* to tell his stories, and of the *général* to describe how he has made his campaign, and to make so brilliant the wit of everyone that we have laughed without quite to know why.

AND afterwards has been the music and the little walk on the terrace to see how beautiful the moon is on the lake, and to—*eh bien* everyone knows of what an effect the moon of October can have.

BUT this year *la vie de château* is not for us possible. For two days we have gone with our

(Continued on page 44)

# In and About Boulogne To-Day

SOME IMPRESSIONS BY OUR LADY ARTIST

*BY MISS HELEN McKIE*

brother Frédéric to see our home. The dear Frédéric, it is his inheritance, and he has wished so much to make there the celebration of the peace. But the poor *château* has been, too, in the War, and it will be with so much cost that it will recover. In the roof is still so big a hole where the bomb of the Boche has dropped, and in the park are still the trenches that our engineers have built in 1914, when the fighting has been at only five kilometres.

LUCILE has wept to see how it has all been changed. There have been two years that it has been a hospital, and then two years that it has been used by the Americans as their *État-major*. One does not complain. One has the right to be proud that our home has been so much in the front line of the victory, and has escaped to have the shame of 1870, when the Prussians have lived there and made their amusement to practise with their revolvers to shoot the portraits of our ancestors. The Americans at least have not been so bad as that, and one must excuse now that they will have no more any wine in their country that they have drunk all our *château Margaux* and *Vouvray*, of which our father has been so proud, without to know that it was not *vin ordinaire*.

"The old wine from 'les caves' to help the memory of the Abbé"

IN our village the people have been so glad to see how we were returned, and have made for Frédéric a reception. They have made a speech, and our brother has replied how we were happy to be again home, but he has said to me in a little voice, "I would be five thousand times more happy if they would pay their rent instead of to make speeches."

IT IS again that one does not wish to complain. There have been of their families many who have been brave *poilus* and are fallen, so that now all that is of them is the memory and a little cross of wood. But one is not, all the same, very friendly with our peasants. They are gone to become so rich because they have had so much success to sell their vegetables and milk dear to the Americans, and now they do not wish any more to be content to make the small gain.

"The Général to describe how he has made his campaign"

Your friend,

AGNÈS

# "Deutschland Über Alles" in Business

By THE BYSTANDER IN COPENHAGEN

PRUSSIC gentlemen with distinctly finished manners, and with a commercially desirable knowledge of languages, of punch, and of the *Schiebetanz* (skilfully imposed on *das amerikanische Foxtrot*), teem in bourgeois Copenhagen, stiff Stockholm, chill Christiania and healthy Helsingfors; and they are all successfully trying to grab trade. The Copenhagen Bystander has long had his eye on them; and after interviewing three and talking the matter over with thirty Scandinavians, he's come to the conclusion that the Pruss is not half as badly off as he makes out; and that unless England now sets to work and turns out goods, she will find him impregnably entrenched in all such European markets as have not already been collared by the penetrating Yank.

ALL small northern European countries are just now in a terrific panic about import inundations from the great industrial states. Cause of the panic is that these northern countries are very expensive producers, the reason being that all have got extraordinarily high living-costs. Compared with Sweden and Norway, England is a bargain-hunter's paradise. All, therefore, are being commercially invaded; all have big surpluses of imports over exports; and all fear that as result their home industries will soon stop entirely. Their anxious eyes are turned on the world's greatest

(*Continued on page 46*)

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## "'DEUTSCHLAND ÜBER ALLES' IN BUSINESS" (*concluded*)

industrial producers—England, the U.S., and Germany. Now it is a characteristic thing that in this general fearfulness the most panicky of all is cast on our recent enemy and now (official) friend the Prussic-acid Pruss.

WHY is it so? Does not every Pruss wail dreadfully that business is ruined; that production is inadequate, and production-cost impossible; that Germany, as President Ebert said, "cannot export for years"? And this wail is partly true; production *is* very small, and that hampers export; but *as cheap producer* Germany beats America, beats badly England, and beats hopelessly the neutral states. The Continental Bystander, who is by no means always a funny person—(We never thought you were.—ED.), but who spends his days, and nights when not asleep, in dismal economic investigations, has gone into the question deeply; and he knows.

AND all neutrals agree. They have to, because agents of Friedrich Krupp, of the Badische Aniline Works, of Zeiss, of Mannesmann, now teem in these northern lands; and they take orders over hand. True, all premise that they cannot quickly deliver; and if quick delivery is needed neutrals still turn to England or America. But when neutrals want cheapness—and they usually do—they turn to the Prussic-acid Pruss; and, with reason, for the Prussic prices are 50 per cent. below those of

THE "PUSSYFOOT" PARROT

Scandinavia and at least 25 per cent. below those of England.

OF course, *in* Germany prices have risen enormously. But outside Germany, as result of the shrunken mark exchange, they have not. The German mark, which sold at 20 M. to the £1 in peace-time, now sells at about 80 M. to the £1. Every man who knows nothing of trade regards that as a sign of Prussland's economic abasement; but every man who does know something knows first that the fallen mark is the magic lever by which Germany is regaining her lost markets. Germany is offering iron goods at much lower prices than England. And naturally, German hæmatite iron, which before the War cost 80 marks a ton now costs 460. A sixfold increase; and that sounds terrible. But for these 460 marks a Swede to-day has to pay only 93 crowns; whereas for the 80 marks before the war he had to pay 72 crowns. So that, on the international market, Germany has had a far smaller price rise than other states. Naturally, she is getting all the orders she can fulfil; her only weakness is that she cannot fulfil many; but when once her production is restored, she will hopelessly cut out England on a price basis, unless England heavily increases her intensity of production.

AND if England does not increase production, it will be *Deutschland über Alles again. Über*, in particular, the now voluntarily loafing, but soon to be chronically unemployed, unworkman of shiftless Britain.

THE INTER-ALLIED COMMISSION OF OFFICERS IN BERLIN, IN THE GARDEN OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY

Left to right (standing from second on the left): General Potofky (Russia), Major Longuet (U.S.A), Cdt. de Charry (France), Cdt. Ruggeri (Italian), Lieut.-Col. Tilbury (British), Lieut.-Col. Ryan (American Red Cross), Lieut.-Col. McCready (British), Capt. Lingfeldt (Germany), Lieut. Poupard (France), Lieut. Jemet (France), Lieut. Percy (Belgium). Left to right (seated): Col. Parker (U.S.A.), General Dupont (French Mission), General Malcolm, (British Mission), General Bencivenga (Italian Mission), and General Monkevitz (Russian Mission)

*"There's only one thing as good as a Kensitas—that's another Kensitas."*

## The End of a Perfect (!) Day

"Phew, what a day! Fourteen gentlemen staying in the house—all calling for Kensitas with their shaving water. Golf in the morning—thought I'd seen them all supplied, but was telephoned for from the club-house, 'Jenkyn, bring some more Kensitas along.' Rained in the afternoon—Bridge and Kensitas. Thought they'd never leave the billiard-room in the evening.

"All gone to bed now. Well, here's to Kensitas and his Lordship's taste in Tawny."

*Jenkyn*

# Kensitas

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P 219

# Deer Stalking in the Highlands

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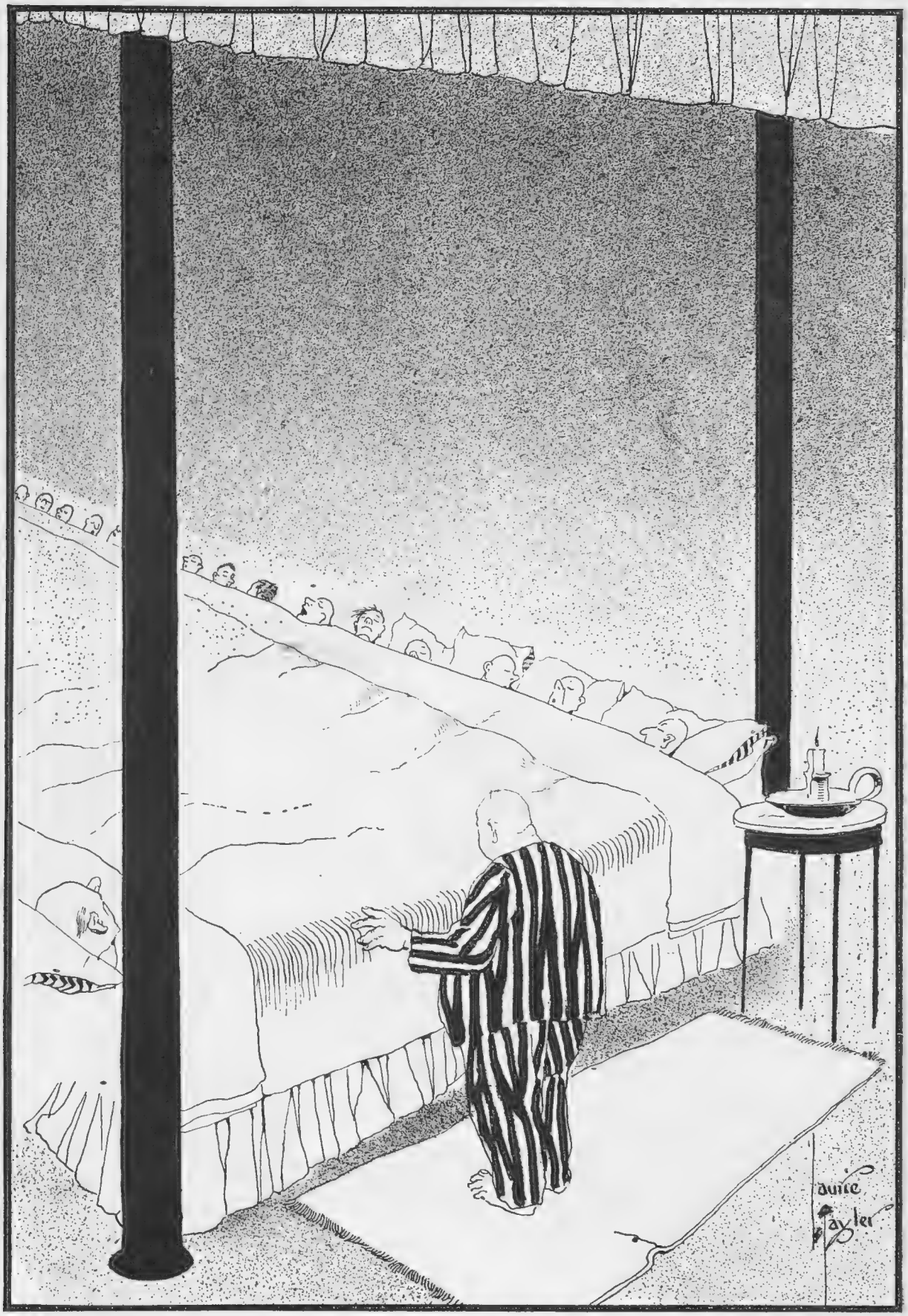
# After Communal Kitchens—Beds




A PIQUANT SITUATION WHICH MAY SHORTLY ARISE

(The problem, of course, is of "the last man in")

BY LAURIE TAYLOR

# October Bathing in the Mediterranean

TWO SCENES ON THE COAST AT PEGLI, NEAR GENOA

Bathing in the Mediterranean is a very different thing from what it is around our own shores. The water is warmer and more buoyant—there always seems to be more salt in it if one gets a mouthful—and bathing in the autumn is still quite pleasant. At Pegli, where these pictures were taken, the sea is quite safe for children, as may be seen from the lower photograph. The upper one represents a calm day—excellent both for boating and bathing

# SPORTS AND PASTIMES

## THE OLYMPIC GAMES

**Britain to be Represented**

Inasmuch as the Olympic Games are to be revived at Antwerp next year, the British Olympic Council could hardly, out of regard for our Allies the Belgians, have done otherwise than accept (as they did) the invitation given to this country to be represented at the games. There are, however, quite a number of influential people in various branches of athletics who hold that we shall have our hands quite full enough next year, with the task of getting sport properly going in this country on the right lines, without the additional work and expense of finding, training, and sending a small army of athletes to Antwerp. But since we have undertaken the job it is to be hoped that it will be done thoroughly, and in a manner which will ensure the maintenance of our prestige in the World of Sport.

## SWIMMING

**A "Channel" Swim in Miniature**

Although the Solent is only a mile wide at its narrowest part, the feat of swimming it, owing to the strong currents which prevail in the Western Solent, is not by any means an easy one, or one that has been very often accomplished. It was done, however, the other day by a lady swimmer, Miss Doulton, and Captain E. G. Loudon-Shand, M.C., the well-known Rugby footballer, who has recently been elected captain of the Oxford University Club. They took to the water at Fort Victoria at 5.30 p.m., and reached the shore at Hurst Castle on the mainland at 6.20, so that the swim was done in very good time.

## LAWN TENNIS

**Lost Form Regained**

In the space at my disposal last week, I was only able to refer quite briefly to the gratifying improvement in form shown by Major A. H. Lowe and T. M. Mavrogordato in the Men's Singles at Eastbourne, of which Mavrogordato was the winner. Lowe was going very strong indeed, having beaten, amongst others, "Underwood" (a distinguished New Zealander), Ritchie, and Doust, when he was compelled to scratch in the semi-final owing to a strained tendon. He had been short of practice and out of form all the season—work at the War Office is not very compatible with first-class lawn tennis—but there can be no question that he "found himself" again at Eastbourne. He is one of the three choices for the Davis Cup team for Australia, and the Selection Committee must now be feeling very pleased that they picked him mainly on the strength of his past record.

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**CAPTAIN E. G. LOUDON-SHAND, M.C.**

**The well-known Rugby football player, who will captain the Oxford XV. this term. He has recently accomplished the somewhat unusual feat of swimming the Solent**

**Davis Cup Prospects**

Mavrogordato at Eastbourne was probably playing as well as he has ever played in his life, and on his present form is no doubt to be preferred to A. E. Beamish, our third string for the Davis Cup, for Beamish, just now, is rather an unknown quantity; he has been in France for the greater part of the season, and has only played in the Covered Court Championships (when he did well considering all things), in one grass tournament in which he was not very severely extended, and in a couple of hard court tournaments in France, where he likewise did quite well. However, he was a member of the team which went to Australia in 1912 and brought back the cup, so that he knows the ropes out there, and his experience of Australian conditions may enable him to find his form more quickly than a new man. I am informed that Mavrogordato could not have gone to Australia had he been chosen, which is perhaps on the whole just as well; for his "victims" at Eastbourne included R. W. Heath, the Australian, G. H. Dodd, the South African, and P. O'Hara Wood, the Australian, and had he been able to undertake the journey regret would necessarily have been felt that he had not been chosen.

**MR. BALFOUR AT NORTH BERWICK**

**Mr. Balfour has been taking a well-earned holiday and, undisturbed by rumours of peerages and suchlike things, has been enjoying himself thoroughly on the links at North Berwick**

*SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)*

**No Forlorn Hope**

Kingscote has recently been married and was not playing at Eastbourne, but, of course, he remains our sheet-anchor, and it is lucky that he can make the trip to Australia. He has never played as well as he did against France at Deauville recently, and is streets in front of the Kingscote we saw at Wimbledon. Moreover, at Wimbledon against Patterson he was a very tired man indeed. Patterson, great player as he undoubtedly is, is not absolutely invulnerable, and Kingscote, on his present form, is quite capable of extending him to the full, and perhaps of discovering the answer, as Johnston, the American champion, has done, to his "hurricane" attacks. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that we shall win, but I believe that our men will make a much tougher fight of it than was even dreamt of, say, a couple of months ago.

**A New Club**

Although, as its name indicates, the London Flying Club at Hendon started in life as a *rendezvous* for flying men, it has since been successfully developed on the lines of the "country clubs" which play such an important part in the social life of those who are addicted to sport in America, the central idea being to combine all the amenities of the ordinary social club with the pursuit of athletic games and pastimes by both sexes. A very successful lawn tennis tournament was held on the Club's hard courts last week, and when it is in full swing the list of pastimes which can be indulged in within its spacious precincts will include lawn tennis on grass, hard, and covered courts, rackets, golf, croquet, skating, and swimming. The Earl of Lonsdale is president, and in Major G. B. Ollivant the Club has found just the right man for the job of Secretary. One has already witnessed the same process of successful development in the cases of Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton, which were primarily polo clubs, and the L.F.C. looks like following very worthily in their footsteps. H. S. S.

*Photographs Sport and General*

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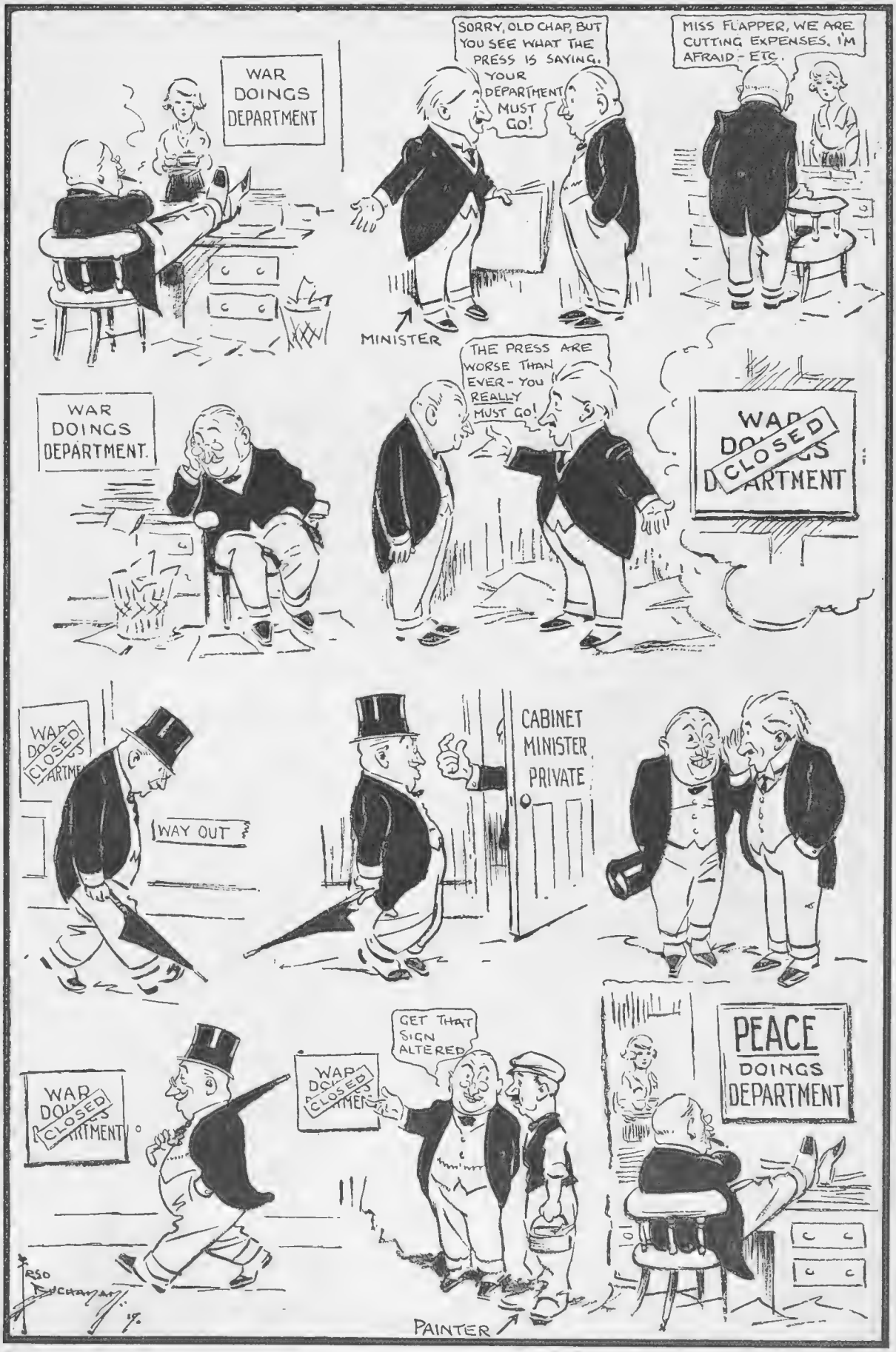
# "As You Were!"




THE DEMOBILISATION OF A GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT

*BY FRED BUCHANAN*

# RACING NOTIONS

NEWMARKET. By "CARBINE"

**Golden Melody**

PRIOR to the Newbury meeting no horse had given a better public trial for the Cesarewitch than Golden Melody accomplished at Gatwick, and I was not at all surprised to see him well backed subsequently at about half the odds which had been previously offered against him.

**Other Cesarewitch Horses**

Not many horses have been seriously backed so far for the big long-distance handicap. Gay Lord seems to be one of them, but I fancy this is public rather than stable money, as my information is that Mr. James White will run both Gay Lord and Ivanhoe at Newmarket, and will probably have an equal stake on each. The point is that Ivanhoe is a better horse in public than he is at home. Another who apparently has been well backed is Alasnam, and it is being whispered abroad that Sir Abe Bailey expects to win both of the big handicaps with him. Well, there is sufficient good material in Reginald Day's stable to make any mistake about this colt's capabilities extremely unlikely. There is not much in Alasnam's public form to suggest the likelihood of his success, but the handicapper could not have treated him more leniently, and they think at Newmarket that he possesses a big chance.

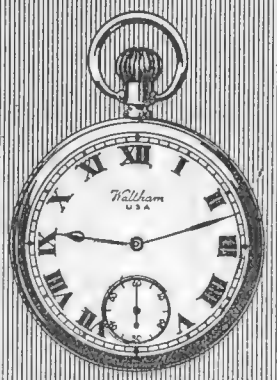
*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**GOLDEN MELODY WINS**

**Mr. W. Stewart's horse winning the Stayers' Handicap at the Gatwick Autumn Meeting**

**Jockey Club Stakes**

This week's gathering at Newmarket marks the beginning of the autumn campaign. The Jockey Club Stakes is the big event of the week, but I am afraid it is not going to be a particularly interesting affair. **Buchan**, apparently, is much the best of the very moderate lot which will go to the post, and I hope he will not commit the *faux pas* which Gainsborough made in the same race last year. In spite of her big weight I like **Diadem's** chance in the Great Eastern Railway Handicap on Wednesday. On Friday **London Pride** may win the Norwich Handicap, and **Firework** seems to be worth following in the Ditch Mile Nursery.

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# A New Literary Log Rolled by Ralph Straus

Some families are extraordinarily clannish. They may be in the world, but not of it. There is just the Family—generally quite charming and delightful—and a collection of outsiders. Such are *The Querrils* (Methuen: 7*s.* net), whose story Mr. Stacy Aumonier sets forth in a clever novel which has much to recommend it. The Querrils—father, mother, three sons, and two daughters—are lovable folk. Their friends care much for them. They are cultivated, honest, and sincere. You feel that they fitly represent the sounder traditions of British family life. And in each of them is that peculiar unselfishness which can be more or less confined to the other members of the family without giving offence to the outsiders. Of the boys, dear kind Peter, perhaps, is least in sympathy with the family atmosphere, and it is on his shoulders that an appalling tragedy—the last kind of tragedy which you could connect with the Querrils—suddenly falls.

❀ ❀

Peter is sent to prison for a criminal assault on a girl whom he has met in the course of his Settlement work in London. The girl is no better than she should be, and perjury plays a part in his conviction. But go to prison he does, and you can imagine what it means to his family. The Querrils fight nobly, but you feel that they are undeservedly caught in a trap. Yet is undeservedly the right word? It is here that Mr. Aumonier lays his chief problem. The Querrils represent a phase of evolution which may have to be passed. Peter is released from prison owing to the devoted labours of an American friend and a naval brother-in-law; but a greater tragedy is in store for his family. The War intrudes, and the Querrils willy-nilly swim with the tide. The problem is solved, if unsatisfactorily, but this in no wise detracts from the interest of the novel itself. Mr. Aumonier paints his picture with no attempt at exaggeration, and *The Querrils* is easily the most finished piece of work by its author.

❀ ❀

A careful survey, in the manner, say, of *Middlemarch*, of English provincial life during the War might produce some curious results. There were times, you may remember, when to be patriotic meant the acceptance of the most preposterous rumours for truth. If it brought out the best in us, the War was also responsible for dragging into the light the absurdest obsessions and foibles. Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer seems to have realised this unhappy fact, and in *Little Pitchers* (S. Paul: 7*s.* net) makes the most of the muddle-headed attempts which the country town of Crowmarsham made to do its provincial bit in the War. The book is wickedly clever in parts, and enjoyable throughout. For his chief heroine Mr. Hueffer selects a little girl of eight years, and his Dinah Greenways takes a high place amongst the children of fiction. Her aunt, "Colonel" Nancy, takes up a most difficult pair of reins when Dinah's failure of a father goes for a

WITH THE CHINESE LABOUR CORPS

Colonel (*awarding a non-combatant decoration for bravery*): "It gives me great pleasure, Li Tung, to pin this medal on your breast and to tell you that I am also placing £20 to your credit at the bank."

Li Tung: "Me thank you, sil—but me likee bettel if you pince twenty pounds on blestee. an' put medalee in bankee!"

By Cyril Holloway

*A NEW LITERARY LOG (concluded)*

soldier. Mr. Dornaby, an ex-Mayor, like his rival, Mr. Boddy, is a new sort of villain, but just when you are expecting him to come sadly to grief, his K.B.E. is conveniently gazetted. Miss Hinds is really the Swiss woman she "pretended" to be, and you will never guess the real significance of that peculiar interview, overlooked by Miss Dinah, between the president of the local anti-Hun League and the German confectioner who had escaped from internment. It used to be said that a war-book without a V.C. was a sheer impossibility but the V.C. now gives way to the O.B.E. which is certainly one letter to the good. And here Mr. Hueffer runs riot. For by Armistice Day there is hardly a Crowmarsham worthy (except Dinah's father, who was away in France most of the time and lost an arm somewhere on the Somme) who cannot put some initials after his—or her—name. But *Little Pitchers* is by way of being a satire.

* *

THERE must be something most peculiar about the atmosphere "down South." Mr. Norman Douglas was at particular pains to describe that peculiarity in his never-to-be-forgotten *South Wind*. And now Mr. Duncan Swann re-makes the discovery that the south can be responsible for many strange things. *A Villa in the South* (Hutchinson: 6*s.* 9*d.* net) is the ten-year-old diary of Mr. Arthur Cator, a literary widower, who went to Beaulieu on the Riviera three months before any Englishman is supposed to go there, for the double purpose of protecting himself and his daughter from disastrous marriages in England. For Marjorie there was Freddy Lowther, for himself Mrs. Surtees. He took the Villa Beauregard, and queer things began immediately to happen. Mr. Cator *almost* lost his head. His daughter certainly did, though not to Mr. Lowther. And his daughter's companion, so primly correct in her native land, pursued the dangerous paths of pleasure to a quite horrible extent. Mr. Swann's little comedy is a light-hearted frolic, and if sometimes you are apt to feel annoyed with Mr. Cator, it must be remembered that the Riviera is not England.

*Photograph* *Claude Harris*

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**Who has joined partnership in a syndicate formed by Miss Edyth Goodall, as theatre proprietors and managers. It is their intention, directly a theatre can be obtained, to produce a new play by Arnold Bennett. Lord Lathom, who is only 24 years of age, served through the war in the Lancashire Yeomanry**


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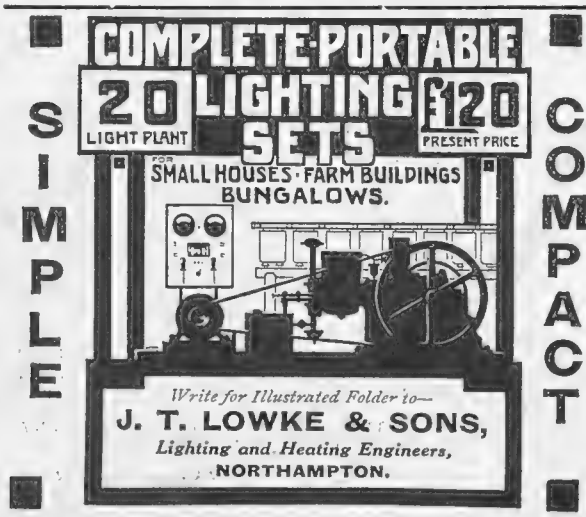

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# MOTORING & AVIATION

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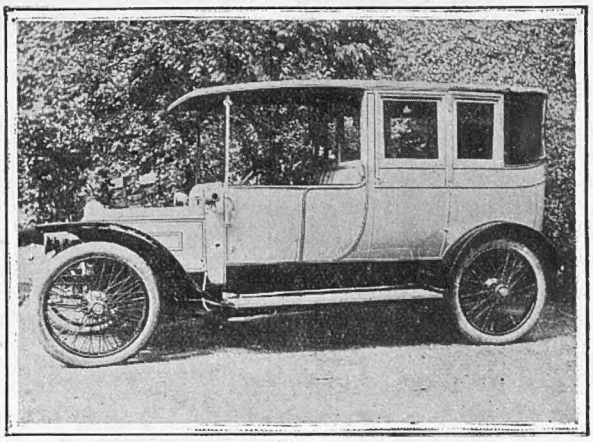

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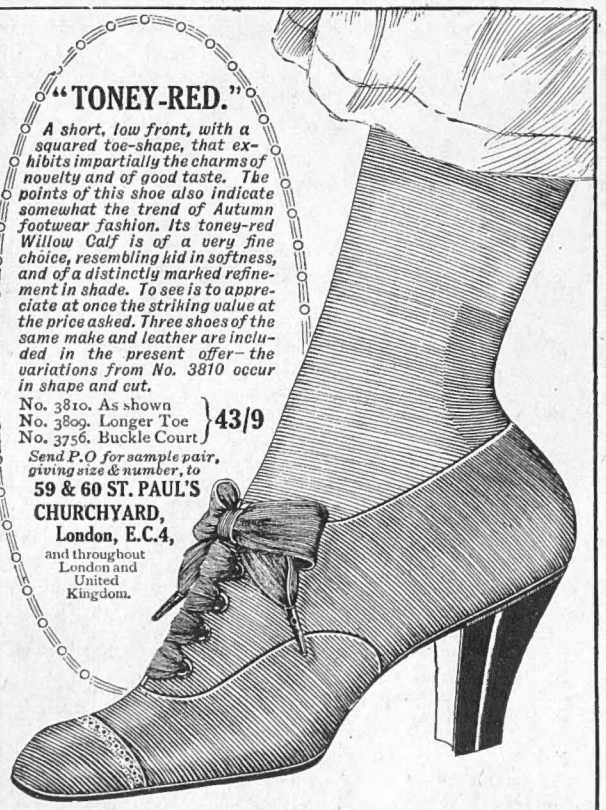

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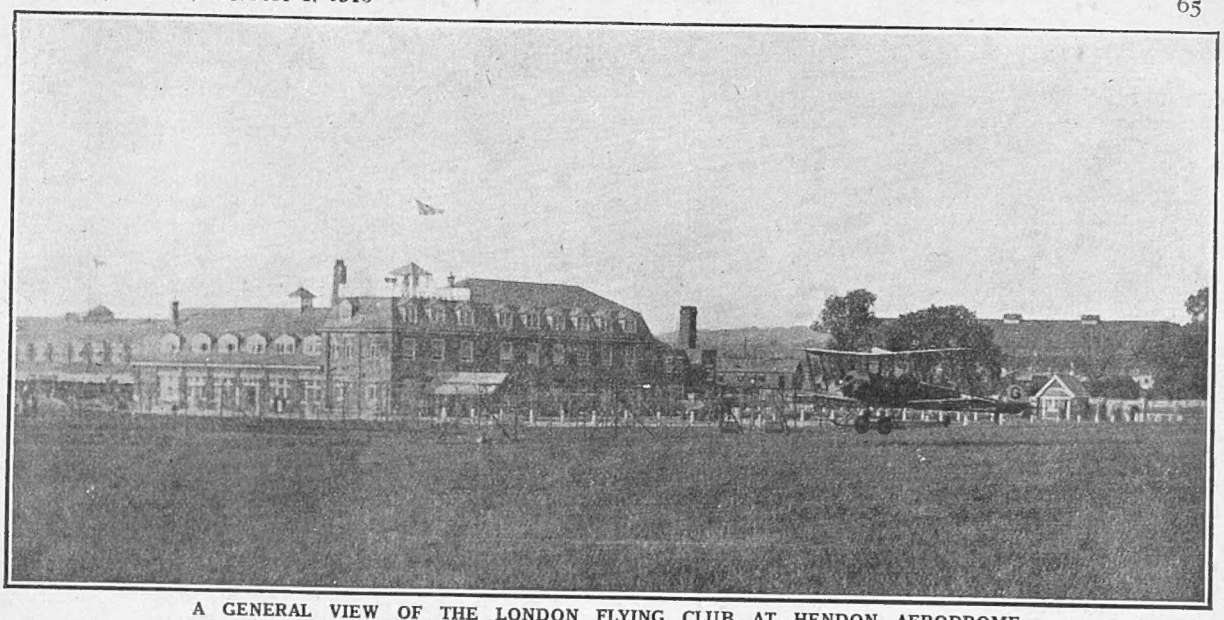

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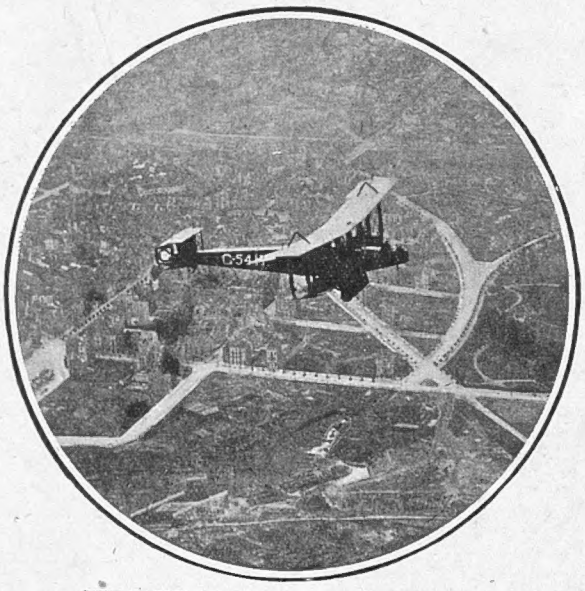

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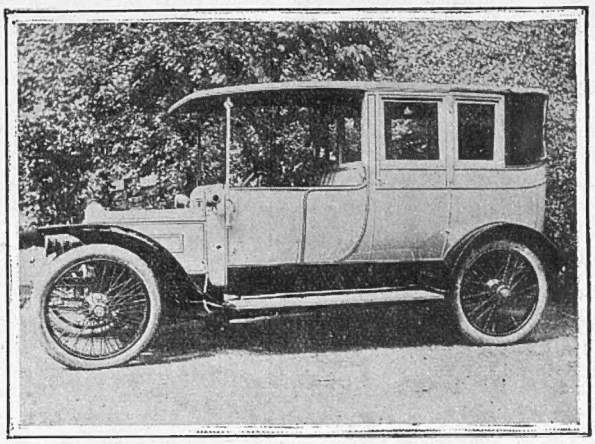

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